

**Stomach Acts Fine, No Indigestion!
Eat without Fear of Upset Stomach**



Food souring, gas, acidity!
If your meals hit back causing belching, pain, flatulence, indigestion or heartburn here's instant relief. No waiting!
Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in ending all stomach distress. Never fails!



Keep it handy. Tastes nice and costs so little at drug stores.

UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XVI.
A NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

"How short it was, and yet it wasn't, I suppose. Were you there at the beginning? No! That was a pity. There was a little stout man—I wonder why it is such stout men" (poor James colors and winces at this unconscious stab) "who are always so excruciatingly funny. I am sure he has no bones, and neither had the chairs; but must have been made of india rubber! How kind of you to get the fly, James! That is just like you—always thoughtful!" she says, quite coolly.

It is an unlucky speech, for it is just the touch of encouragement poor James wants.

"I am glad you are pleased; I would do anything to please you, Kitty," he says in a low, faltering voice. "And of course you didn't see the lady chief of the handbags," says Kitty, quite deaf to any polite speech, while her mind is full of the performance. "I think I could die happy after once wearing a crimson habit and a green feather; the horse was blind of the near eye; pity that, it spoiled it. Why—breaking off suddenly—the marketplace. It seems a long way off!"

James jumps up and goes through that struggle with the window which all of us, who have ridden in flies, have gone through; and at last, with a clatter sufficient to awake all Burlington, the wretched pane goes down with a run, jerks the strap in his face, and he pokes his head out. The marketplace is a long way off behind them.

"He has passed them," says James, "actually passed them! I—I told him the marketplace, and so did Mr. Calthrop. Hi, hi!"

But the driver and horse who know the road to the Hall as well as they do their stable yard, are both sweetly and peacefully asleep and are not to be awakened.

"Does it matter?" says Kitty, innocently, "we may overtake them, they may have walked on, and if not—it is only three miles; Reg and I meant to walk back."

James draws his head in suddenly. Does it matter? Why should it? Rather why shouldn't he take the good the gods send him; the sweet, rare delight of riding through the summer

night alone with Kitty in a fly. He puts up the window again, after a desperate struggle, and looks across at Kitty. She has curled herself up in a corner with her shawl wrapped round her, and her eyes—the most beautiful in the world thinks James—looking dreamily out at the night, as unconscious of any impropriety there may be in the present situation as she is of James' presence itself. He looks at her longingly, adoringly for a few minutes in silence, then he says in a low voice:

"You are sure you don't mind their not being here, Kitty?"

"They?—Ah! Reg and Mr. Calthrop—Mind it! I'm glad, rather—four in a fly is an awful crush, and they would be sure to talk, and I hate talking in a fly—don't you? But perhaps you'd better wait or look out. It's dull for you."

"I," says James, his color coming and going—"I dull! You know that I should ask no greater happiness at any time than being alone with you, Kitty. I didn't expect such good fortune when I came this evening. Oh, Kitty! I wish—I wish—that you were as happy as I am at this moment!"

"I'm happy ye nough," she retorts quietly.

"Yes—that's right; you are always happy," he says, "but I am not. I am never happy away from you, Kitty—never!"

"That's nonsense!" says Kitty, colling herself up tighter with sudden irritation—she begins to wish now that there were four in the fly. If she had only gone to sleep the moment she got in!

"It is quite true," says James gravely. "I sometimes wish that it wasn't—no!" he adds—"no, I do not, for I think my love for you is the best thing in my life; it brings me hope, at least. Here he sighs.

Kitty remains silent, with her eyes fixed on the night, and her lips tightly closed. The unfortunate James thinks the present a capital opportunity, but—if he only knew it!—it is a very indifferent one. Kitty, all excitement half an hour ago, is chilly, meditative, sleepy, and suffering from the reaction. Anything in the way of conversation would be unwelcome—hasn't she just said so? But James' declarations of devotion are simply unbearable! and yet she feels guilty and constrained to bear them. She knows he has spoken truth when he said that—that he loves her and truly.

But to-night, of all nights, James, my friend, you should have kept silence! But he will not.

"Kitty," he says, leaning forward,

and trying to penetrate the thick shawl, to catch the expression of the face it so effectually shades—"Kitty, I have been very miserable these last two weeks away from you."

"I'm very sorry," says Kitty, not for his absence from her, but for the cause of it—his uncle's death.

"Kitty," he says tenderly, as they bowl along; "do you remember what you said that last day? I shall never forget your words; they are never out of my ears. Tell me you haven't forgotten them, Kitty."

"I won't tell you any such thing," she says, half indistinct with drowsiness, assumed or real. "I dare say it was some stupid nonsense I've quite forgotten—almost."

At this heartless speech—make excuses for her, if you can; I am merely telling her story and cannot alter her, I would not if I could—at this heartless speech, James opens his mouth wide, then sits bolt upright, white and shocked.

"Kitty," he says, half sternly, half imploringly, "do you mean to tell me that—that your promise meant nothing? That the words you said so solemnly—yes, they were a promise; a solemn promise! Do you tell me now that they meant nothing—that that they were false? No, you cannot, you will not! You meant them—you meant to keep your promise; what has made you change? When I say you last—beware James, you are nearing dangerous ground; she is coiled up so softly and quietly you cannot see her face; there is a warning flush on it, if you could but see it!

"When I say you last, I remember that you seemed to avoid me; that you seemed sorry to see me. What had altered you that you should look like that? I saw you before you saw me. You did not look at Lord Sterne as you looked at me."

He pokes for want of breath, or for an answer. He certainly gets neither, and grows hotter and more jealous.

"You don't answer me; you know what I say is true, Oh, Kitty! When I saw you beside him I felt a sudden presentiment—a miserable fear. I did not think he had come between us already. I have known and loved you all my life—Lord Sterne—"

Aroused at last, Kitty springs upright and confronts him. The shawl dropped from her face, that is red as fire, her eyes flashing.

"How dare you!" she says, her clenched hand pressed against her bosom. "How dare you say such things? Lord Sterne! What do you know about him—what do I? Lord Sterne! A stranger!"

"When I saw you his head was upon your arm!" he says passionately, too, with the worst of all passions—jealousy.

Kitty turns white at the recollection, then red again with anger.

"For shame!" she says. "You accuse me of—I don't know what? Was I to stand by with my arms folded after I had caused all the mischief—after I had done it all! With a sudden gulp. "Why didn't you come and help him, if you were standing there, watching all the time?"

James turns white in his turn.

"I," he says, "how was I to know I should be welcome! Watching! I was not watching! I wish I had not come at all. The sight has haunted me, sleeping and waking. Besides," with a sudden gasp of the teeth, "I heard him call you Kitty—Kitty! A stranger!" he says scornfully.

Kitty looks at him with stubborn eyes.

"He is a stranger," she says, in a constrained voice. "But he will not be—you need not have feared," scornfully, "or have been haunted!" more scornfully still. "Lord Sterne—Lord Sterne is to marry Ethel!" and she sinks back, white and trembling, under the shawl which she has snatched round her.

James gasps—literally gasps—then falls into the most abject condition of remorse and penitence.

"Lord Sterne—Ethel!" he says in a breath. "Oh, Kitty, why didn't you tell me?"

"Am I the bellman?" she retorts under her shawl. "What business is it of mine—or yours?"

"No, no," says James, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "No—no! It was stupid and—rude—and unmanly to doubt you! But, Kitty, love is my excuse! Kitty—say one word—say that you forgive me!"

The fly rattles down the lane—it has been restored, and James remembers it; he has only one minute.

"Kitty! I have been more than foolish! I—I did not know—I never

MRS. LEWIS OF BROOKLYN

Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"For one year I was miserable from a displacement, which caused a general run-down condition with headaches and pains in my side. My sister induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I found it helped me very much and such a splendid tonic that I am recommending it to any woman who has a similar trouble."

—Mrs. Elsie G. Lewis, 30 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Such conditions as Mrs. Lewis suffered from may be caused by a fall or a general weakened run-down condition of the system, and the most successful remedy to restore strength to muscles and tissue and bring about a normal healthy condition—has proved to be this famous root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have disturbing symptoms you do not understand write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

gessed! Kitty, forgive me!"

There is profound silence.

"Kitty!" imploringly, "you need not speak—hold out your hand for a moment only, to show that you have forgiven me!"

But the shawl does not move, and the fly comes to a stop.

"Kitty—"

Some one opens the door, and Kitty rises slowly to her feet.

"Here you are!" says Sydney Calthrop's voice. "Why, where have you been? How did you arrange to give us the slip? An excellent joke!"

laughing good humoredly; "but I am afraid we spoiled it; for after waiting a quarter of an hour at the marketplace, we took another fly and bribed the man to get her first!"

Kitty does not speak, but goes over to where Reginald stands, and puts her hand on his arm.

"The marketplace," falters James. "We did not see you—by the clock?"

"The clock!" echoes Sydney Calthrop, with an admirable assumption of surprise. "No, the other side. I thought that was the way we went to the theater!"

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO HEARTS AS ONE.

"If you ask me how I enjoyed myself, like the polite dog you ought to be, Possie," says Kitty, nodding her head—which rests upon her two fists—at the upright figure of Possie, who has followed his beloved mistress into the orchard, presumably to congratulate her upon her return to the delights and joys of home, and now confronts her where she sits upon an old stump. "If that is what you are asking me," says Kitty, fixing her eyes intently upon Possie's blinking lid, "I can answer you truthfully—not at all! The whole thing so far as I was concerned, was a failure—an utter failure! All the joy was in the anticipation which were not fulfilled. You sympathize with me, Possie! You have felt the same anguish and disappointment when Mary throws you out a bone which you look forward to as being juicy and meaty, and discover that it has been in the stewpot a week, and meatless—juiceless."

She smiles very gravely at this, and takes up the basin which she has brought out half an hour ago to fill with gooseberries for a tart, but which is still empty.

(To be Continued.)

Fight to Win!

The Nation demands strong men—strong women and robust children. Wisdom suggests that every proper means of safeguarding the vital forces and building up of resistance, be utilized.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

affords definite help to those who are "fighting to win" against the inroads of weakness. Scott's, abundant in tonic-nutrient properties, builds up the body by Nature's method.

Scott's Emulsion, Oct. 19-14. Panels usually end in silk fringe. The picture-hat flaunts streamers. We see very few stiff-hat-frames. A new wool voile is called crepe-ella.

Fashion Plates.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl.

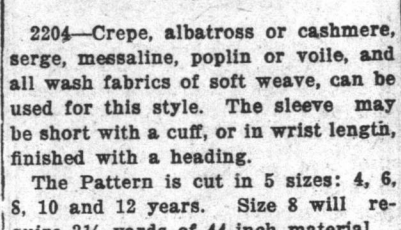


2204—Crepé, albatross or cashmere, serge, messaline, poplin or voile, and all wash fabrics of soft weave, can be used for this style. The sleeve may be short with a cuff, or in wrist length, finished with a heading.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

HERE'S A GOOD DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2630—This style is fine for combinations of material. Satin and serge, voile and crepe, batiste and gingham could be here combined, or one material may be used with any suitable trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PUBLIC NOTICE!
Regarding Household Coal!

It is hereby ordered under the powers conferred upon the Minister of Shipping by clause 9 of the Coal Order dated the eighteenth of July, 1918, that clause No. 1 of that order which was suspended by him on the 19th July, 1918, shall be revived and again come into force from this date until further notice and that the clause which was substituted for clause No. 1 be cancelled.

By order of the Minister of Shipping.
T. A. HALL, Secretary.

Dated at St. John's, 5th day of December, 1918.

NOTE.—The effect of the above Notice is to cancel the supply of lots not exceeding ten tons of soft coal to any one person and to limit the amount to a half ton per household per fortnight.

Severe penalties are attached to any breach of the Coal Order of 18th July, 1918. dec6,6i

We are still showing a splendid selection of Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at **Maunder's.**

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

To the Wholesale Trade.

To arrive shortly:

- 3 Carloads WINDSOR TABLE SALT—1 lb. bags.
- 1 Carload STARCH and CORN FLOUR.
- 1 Carload ST. CHARLES' CREAM.
- 300 Cases 2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH.

T. A. Macnab & Co.
Selling Agents for Nfld.
Tel. 444. City Club Building.

Big Victory Bargains.

—AT—
ANTONIO MICHAELS,
194 New Gower Street (East of Springdale St.)

300 doz. WOODEN PIPES—Cheap to wholesale & retail dealers.
300 doz. ROUND MIRRORS, 60c. dozen to clear.
100 LADIES & GIRLS' WINTER COATS. Prices \$4.00 to \$8.00.
MEN'S WORKING PANTS—Fashionable and strong. \$2.50 to \$5.00.
100 doz. MEN'S and BOYS' COTTON DRESS SHIRTS, slightly soiled, at Half Price.
50 doz. MEN'S BRACES—Wholesale, \$2.25 to \$3.00 dozen.
50 doz. BOYS' BRACES—Wholesale, \$1.35 dozen.
Timmene reduction in wholesale lots of JEWELLERY, NOTIONS, TOILET SOAP and MEN'S AMERICAN BOOTS and CLOTHES. Come quick and get your bargain as all must be sold cheap.

The London Directory Company, Ltd.,
26, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Britain Decries Situation in Berlin

Pershing's Tribute to British Arms.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8. General Pershing in a cablegram received by Mr. Parker, said: "Steadfast in adversity, wounded with thousands of wounds, Great Britain's gallant blows never weakened nor faltered. But for the tenacity of her people the war would have been lost. To those of us who have been associated with them and fought with their gallant troops, words of praise seem inadequate to express our admiration. These things our kinsmen have done have brought inseparable bonds between them and ourselves. We offer our right hand in friendship, and our two nations may be more firmly linked together to ensure the future of the world."

BOSTON'S HONOR TO BRITAIN.

BOSTON, Dec. 7. Capt. A. F. B. Carpenter, who commanded the British cruiser *Victorious* during the raid upon the German submarine base at Zeebrugge, and the officers and men of the British cruiser *Devonshire* now in this port, were the guests of the city to-day at a celebration honoring Great Britain's part in the war. The British naval men were welcomed by Mayor Peters and a programme of entertainment was carried out. British flags were prominently displayed throughout the city.

SOUTH ALSO PAYS TRIBUTE.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 7. The South paid tribute to-day to the part the British Empire has played in winning the world war. Mass meetings at which speakers told of the colossal effort of the nation and of individual deeds of bravery performed by her soldiers and sailors marked the formal celebration.

BRITAIN'S APPRECIATION.

AUGUSTA, Maine, Dec. 7. Greetings of the British Government to Britain's Day, were received to-day in a cablegram from Foreign Secretary Arthur J. Balfour to Governor Carl Milliken. The message, dated yesterday, follows: "His Majesty's Government is deeply touched by the information that has reached them that it has been officially decided to celebrate Dec. 7th as Britain's Day throughout the United States and they desire to express to the Government of the States of the Union and to all those associated with them their sincere thanks for this courteous expression of friendship. The celebration which His Majesty's Government now gratefully acknowledges is a welcome proof that the same spirit of friendship with which the American and British nations have fought and triumphed side by side in the struggle for justice and liberty will continue to unite them in the coming days of peace. Strong in the knowledge of the friendship the British people can have with confidence all the problems of the new era may have in store."

COME OVER AND HELP US.

LONDON, Dec. 7. (British Wireless Service.)—The Councils of Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia.

WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE

Souvenir Christmas
and
New Year Photo M

ARE NOW READY FOR YOU

They sell at the following prices:

2 1/2 x 4 1/4	14c. each	15c. each
3 1/4 x 4 1/4	14c. each	2 1/4 x 3 1/2
3 1/4 x 5 1/2		

These Calendars are especially Christmas or New Year Gifts. To slip your Photo or Snapshot to have an artistic and attractive cover. All Mail Orders must be covered.

TOOTON
The Kodak Store
320 Water Street, St. John's